

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 4.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1807.

942.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"O DEATH, thou happiest end of human sorrows! why, in mercy, didst thou not then drop thy everlasting curtain, and conclude my weary pilgrimage?—Why was the book of future evil unfolded to my receding sight, and the dark leaves turned over in a sad succession, until the dreadful page appeared that closed all human hope and joy together?"

"Several months now elapsed, and as all communication with England was interdicted, though not hearing from Deloraine caused unceasing solicitude, still it occasioned neither apprehension nor alarm, and I continued to pass my heavy time between attending my father, and soothing a melancholy which he attributed to my mother's death, and my brother's desertion;—and in visiting the convent of St. Clare, which my dear departed mother had much patronized, for the sake of the abbess and holy sisters, whom she greatly esteemed for their virtues and holiness."

"It had been her custom to pay them a weekly visit, and as I recollected that during the short period it was my happiness to live with her, that she always accompanied these visits with little delicacies, neither afforded nor altogether allowed by the convent, with my father's permission, I one morning, attended by Annette, proposed to pass the day within the venerable walls of St. Clare."

"For some reason which I could not define, & which indeed scarcely had a passing thought in memory, my father, near a week previous to this my intended visit to St. Clare, had expressed a wonder that I never visited the benedictines, offering at the same time to attend me to the convent and back again."

"The poor sisters will be distressed," said he, "and think you mean to forsake them entirely." A sickly smile passed over his features as he said so;—and that at the time also had little notice; and I replied, with the ease I felt, that I should certainly pass an early day with them, and no more was said on the occasion."

"Annette and I had set out early, in order that we might pass a long day at St. Clare, and we were quietly seated in the meek sister Mary's cell, and I unpacking my little basket of fruit and sweetmeats to present to the grateful nun, when the lady abbess entered, and with much affection gave me a kiss of welcome."

"A good morning to my fair and generous daughter," said she, seating herself, "but what a load of the good things of this life you have burdened yourself with for this happy favorite. —But have you, my child, heard the glorious news?" added the unconscious abbess."

"The news?" I repeated, little interested in what she was saying, "No, indeed I have not, Madam."

"Well, sure enough they speak the truth,"

returned the abbess, "Who say that a convent is the only place to hear what is passing in the world.—Why, our troops have beaten the English, and your brother's regiment has taken some prisoners of distinction, and among them is I know who——"

"An alarm now seized my spirits, and my heart beat as if it would have burst through my cold bosom."

"Of what or whom do you speak, holy mother?—In pity be more explicit, else I shall die before you!"

"Indeed I thought you could not be a stranger to all the particulars, else I should not have mentioned a word of it;—but being in the public papers that there has been a decisive battle, and hearing that there are also several letters in town from Monsieur le Comte, your brother, what could I think?"

"You, mother, who seem so well—so fatally acquainted, say, has my father received any letters?"

"Why, as to that, I should think yes, for Jacques, one of the lay-brothers belonging to St. Bernard, heard my Lord, your father's gentleman say, that the handsome Monsieur le Capitaine Deloraine had lost his right leg, one of his eyes, and three of his fingers, besides other wounds; and then, to be sure, it was no wonder that he could not run away with the rest, so he was one of those taken prisoners by your brave young brother."

"I looked in her face as her tongue tolled the death knell to my peace on this side of the grave;—my limbs stiffened and my eyes fixed, but speech was denied me, and in a few minutes I lost all remembrance of my agonies in the delirium of a burning fever."

"What passed during the lapse of several weeks, I know not, but when reflection dawned upon my weakened mind, the first words I uttered were—"My father?"

"He is well, but on your account sunk in deeper melancholy than ever," answered Annette, who it seems had watched me with the kindest care; "He will come to you when you please, my dear Mam'selle," added she."

"It is my wish," said I, my voice growing firm, while my heart gathered resolution from despair, "Let him be told it is my wish to see him."

"Soon as it was possible, and notwithstanding my secret determinations, sooner than I was prepared for the melancholy interview, he came.—I perceived that he was attired in the deepest mourning—it could not be for my mother, because, weak as was my memory, I remembered that previous to my illness he had changed the first for sligher. His face appeared paler than even when I last beheld it—his eyes were sunken in languor, and every feature wore the impression of a settled secret grief.—He took my hand and kissed it, and a tear fell, as in a voice tremulous and low, he said,——"

"My poor child!"

"I looked wishfully up in his face, and my lips moved, but for a time I could utter nothing; at last, however, gasping as if in the latest pang of enduring nature,—"Deloraine!" escaped

from my pale quivering lips."

"My father did not reply, but covering his face with his hands he bent himself over my bed."

"Deloraine! my Deloraine!" I repeated, the bitterness of apprehension reading my soul, "My Deloraine!"

"Your's no longer, my Euphema," said my father, "he is with his God!—Your brother, here is his letter, consigned his remains to a quiet grave, and consecrated the spot by a soldier's tear."

"There is certainly a point beyond which the human mind cannot suffer; methinks I had then reached that point, and all beyond was the dark blank of death.—Yet no tear fell from my eye to soften my anguish,—no sigh burst from my bosom to relieve its pent up agonies;—neither did I shriek or struggle, but meek and resigned as the quiet infant, I addressed my father in a few words:—"

"My brother is dear again to my bleeding remembrance," said I. Could he have given me a million of lives, and attached a million of years and a million of blessings to each life, he had not done so much for Euphema as giving a tear to the cold form of him she so much loved. —One duty only remains for me now to perform, to invest you and my brother with what I have no further use for, except a little portion to suffice nature within these walls, which now I will never quit.—While you, therefore, my father, provide the proper people, and instruments for me to sign, as I have but indistinctly heard the fatal circumstances that have wrecked my peace, and blighted all my glowing hopes, I will peruse my brother's letter;—and now, my dear father, leave me for a while."

"An expression to which I could give no name, pervaded every feature of my father's face;—the gloom of secret thought seemed to darken his brow, and a wild abstraction to gleam in his heavy eyes. He arose several times to go, and as often was resealed;—his lips opened as if to speak, and again they closed, as if from irresolution to declare the unuttered purpose."

"The indeterminations and the emotion he betrayed, absorbed as were my faculties in the depth of hopeless sorrow, could not escape a daughter's observation."

"If my father has a wish, it will be a moment's exemption from suffering if I can gratify it,—speak then, something is at your heart, speak then, dear father!"

"Oh, no!—my heart, no, child, no!—I was but thinking.—Yes, all is well, very well!"

"Well!" I cried, looking mournfully on him, "Alas! did you say all is well?"

"Did I say so?—Forget it, child, forget it! —No, all is not well!"

"His abstraction and incoherence surprised, though it could no more alarm me:—fate had done its worst, and struck its deadliest, final blow, and every hope and fear lay hushed in the bloody grave of Deloraine. In a few minutes he left me to myself, and I perused my brother's letter; it was dated from an island in the West Indies, and addressed to my father, in

Paris.—I have not yet forgotten its contents, for memory is alike tenacious and retentive of the very happy, and the very miserable.

"Conscious," so ran the letter, "that from the inadvertence of youth, and the reprehensible gaiety of an unthinking mind, I have justly incurred the displeasure of the first and best of fathers, I would not presume to address you, even at this distance, and in these moments of remorse, but that I know your generous nature will pardon a son's transgressions, when acknowledged, and accept the confession as a testimony of repentance and reformation.

"I need not, my revered father, repeat the particulars of an engagement, which you have such opportunities to know, and which the public prints ere this have so minutely detailed—I will therefore confine myself to relate all that concerns the death of the brave and meritorious Deloraine.

"It appeared, that, on promotion, he had quitted the regiment to which he belonged, when our acquaintance commenced, and had gallantly entered one going into immediate and actual service; consequently I was ignorant that our victorious arms were also prevailing against the life of one whom my sister loved, and one whom in my heart I still secretly esteemed, though circumstances unnecessary to repeat, much estranged us during his sojourn at the Chateau de Bournouville.

"On the day so memorable to both the contending powers, and on which the fort was compelled to surrender to our triumphant troops, towards the conclusion of the contest, I headed my company, and engaged a little party which had rallied, on a forlorn hope, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Heated with conquest, and proud as the youthful soldier's heart feels in victory, I could not but admire the determined bravery of this persevering party, though in a foe, and a foe must confess that they sunk at last overpowered by numbers. He whose undaunted courage had led them on, at the last engaged with me;—he had lost an eye, and was covered with blood,—his left hand was shattered, and his right leg being broken, he was nearly sinking beneath the weight of his expiring body.

"I have yet a few drops, still a few for my Country and my King!" he cried.

"The voice was not unfamiliar,—I started back.—

"The brother of Euphema!"

"The lover of Euphema!"

"Fell from the lips of each, in the same instant;—one impulse actuated both, the swords dropped from our nerveless hands, and we rushed into each other's arms.

"Again my friend!" cried the dying Deloraine,—yes, dying, for no human power could save him.

"Euphema's brother is again my friend!—Farewell!—Bless you!—Bless Euphema!—Bless her!"

"He said no more, but with one convulsive shudder,—the shudder of separation from the soul's warm mansion, the spirit of the gentle, generous Deloraine, sought an happier state of being.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ANECDOTE.

A country curate being asked by the parish squire what was meant by the phrase, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:" answered, there remains nothing of the dead but their bones.

THE TEARS OF SCIENCE.

At the seat of instruction, where once she was blest, Fair Science sat mourning with sadness oppress'd. Her maps and her volumes lay scatter'd around: Her globes, all in fragments, were strew'd on the ground.

There lay, in rude tatters, the relics of sense; The waste and destruction of genius immense. She sigh'd, shook her head, and with anguish began, Alas! for the boy when he thinks he's a man! When his nature grows tall and his fingers begin To stroke the soft down that comes over his chin: When he talks of assemblies, assumes a fine air, Falls in love, as he calls it, and dreams of the fair, This schools, and this students, I claim'd as my own. Here my precepts were utter'd, my maxim made known:

I open'd my treasures, around me they came, And I rais'd their ambition for glory and fame. I display'd the fair honors for wisdom design'd, And the lasting content she bestows on the mind. They heard me with rapture; I saw in their eyes Fair hope, emulation, and genius arise, I hail'd the glad omen! my children I cried, Let no pleasing objects your bosom divide, Till crown'd with fair virtue, for glory design'd, I bestow you a blessing and joy to mankind. Ah! fond expectation! I saw with despair, How soon they forsook me to wait on the fair, While I talk'd of the planets that roll thro' the skies, Their minds were on dimples and beautiful eyes; I laid down positions, and strove to explain; They thought of Eliza, Louisa and Jane, I saw a fine youth as apart he retir'd, He seem'd with the ardour of science inspir'd, His books and his pen were dispos'd in due place, And deep lines of thinking were mark'd on his face. Sweet hope, in my breast, was beginning to swell, And I lov'd the dear boy that could study so well, Nor shall my assistance be wanted I cried, I'll crown thy exertions—and sprung to his side. Alas! an acrostic! the verses were plann'd, The name was all written, the letters were scann'd, The initials arrang'd to promote the design, And his genius was working to get the first line. I shut up my Euclid, I blush'd for myself, I laid Blair and Murray again on the shelf, Disappointed, ashamed, and o'ercome with regret, I utter'd a wish I shall never forget, That all the dear maidens my counsels would prize, And shun every lad till he's learned and wise.

THE COTTAGE O'ER THE MOOR.

'Twas night, and twilight's dusky ray Had faded in the west, The beast had sought his hiding place, The bird had sought her nest.

The swain against the coming storm, Had safely shut his door, And every cot was dark except The cottage o'er the moor.

Gloomy and sad, a pilgrim stray'd— For 'twas a gloomy hour, The grim owl hooted from the tree, The sky began to lower.

The cheering light he spy'd and said, 'Although the cot be poor, I'll try if charity has known The cottage o'er the moor.

For riches as I've found have power To turn to stone the heart, To shut compassion from the breast, And bid the wretch depart.

I'll knock, perchance some friendly hand May deign to open the door, And then while life shall last I'll bless The cottage o'er the moor.'

He gave the doubtful tap, and sunk Despairing on the ground— A welcome-in, a nymph exclaim'd, He caught the joyful sound.

'And what misfortune drives you here?'

She said, 'so wan with care, That in our humble cot you seek A shelter from the air!'

But welcome to our meek abode; For though it be but poor, Yet we against the needy wretch Have never shut the door.

My father, ever good and kind, (And here she heav'd a sigh,) Has taught me to relieve the poor, And wipe the sorrowing eye.

But now, alas! the fate of war, (She wip'd away a tear,) Has laid him lifeless on the plain, And left us weeping here.

Ah! ever shall I keep in mind The mournful parting day, I wept—he sigh'd—and softly said, At home my darling stay.

For I'll return to thee my child As soon as war is o'er, Then gently kiss'd, and sweetly smil'd, And shut the cottage door.

Now many a year has roll'd away, And we his loss deplore, For never shall he see again The cottage o'er the moor.'

'He shall,' the soldier cried, and prest His daughter to his heart, 'I am thy father, thou my child, And we will never part.

For now the storm of war is past, The cannons cease to roar, And I've return'd, my child, to cheer The cottage o'er the moor.'

A GOOSE'S REASON.

A goose, my grannam one day said Entering a barn, pops down its head, I begged her then the cause to show: She told me she must wave the task: For nothing but a goose would ask What nothing but a goose could know.

From the American Eagle.

'I have seen the foolish faking root, and suddenly I cursed his habitation.'—Jon.

UNPLEASANT is my task, to follow the sons of men, and record their doings. For their minds are evil, and their ways perverse. Although virtue holds out to them, prospects much more enchanting than fields of elysium—although she calls to them, in a voice, sweet as the music of the spheres, yet will they not listen to her invitations, but turn aside into the dark, gloomy and dangerous ways of vice.

When pure streams have flowed at their feet from the fountain of wisdom, I have seen them drink the turbid waters of folly. When the way of truth was smooth and easy, I have seen them enter the crooked paths of falsehood. When honest and healthful industry, would have conducted them directly to wealth, have seen them practising those mean and dishonorable arts of fraud, which lead to poverty and ruin.

Mine eyes have followed with pain, the path of Cyreno. He was the only son of his mother, and heaven had favored him with shining talents. Too poor to furnish him with the means of a liberal education, his parents had instructed him in a useful employment; and thus put it in his power, by honest industry, to

render himself respectable, and his family happy. But how are the fond hopes of a parent often blasted by the conduct of their child! Cyreno had unfortunately received from nature, a disposition to idleness. To him nothing was more irksome than business. The veriest trifle would divert him from his labors. At length I saw him entering the doors of the gambling house. More voracious than the grave, this house, swallows up the reputation, the fortunes, and the integrity of its guests. Then, then, was the destiny of Cyreno fixed. To the painful pleasures of gambling, he devoted his days and his nights. Year succeeded year, and found him worshipping before this idol. The sprightliness of youth, and the vigor of manhood were here sacrificed. Age began to furrow his cheeks, and to sprinkle grey hairs on his head. The calls of business—the calls of an interesting and affectionate wife—the plaintive cries of his suffering children, were all, all unheeded. I saw his employers forsake him: I saw his debts accumulating: I saw the honest tradesman, who had labored for his convenience, and whose sustenance and the sustenance of his family depended on the product of his daily labors, turned away from his door empty: I saw his broken hearted wife, pale and emaciated—her anxious eyes were raised to heaven, her bosom was heaving with anguish, and her cheeks were wetted with tears.—Sorrow seemed to have marked her for its victim: And to the grave, she looked, as her only assylum. I saw the children whom God had given him, hanging on his knees, laying hold of his clothes, and trying every little art, in vain, to detain him. Disregarded by him, whose care heaven had committed them, they were growing up wild & uncultivated. I saw him, dead to the feelings of natural affection, abandon them to the feeble production of a sickly, and despairing mother—and suddenly I cursed his habitation.

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

When the bust of Garrick, of which there are so many copies, was first made, one of them was sent as a present to Foote. Foote placed it on his bureau, and was counting some money before it, when Garrick entered the room. "So, Foote," says Garrick, "you are not afraid that my bust should have any design against your money?" "No, Davy," answered Foote, "for your head has no hands."

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman requesting a friend to dine with him on New-Year's day, the latter, who was a native of Hibernia, before he would give an answer, consulted his pocket book, to see whether he was engaged, and replied thus:—"I perceive, Sir, that New-Year's day happens this year on the first of January, on which day I am unfortunately pre-engaged. I was in great hopes it would not happen till towards the end of the month, in which case, I certainly would have done myself the honor of waiting on you."

SCRAP.

Lost money may be found again; but a lost character is rarely recovered.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 7, 1807.

Deaths in this city, during the last week, consumption 10, convulsion 7, decay 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 3, typhus fever 5, bites 5, inflammation of the lungs 2, do. of the bowels 1, do. of the brain 1, mortification 1, rheumatism 1, sore throat 1, still born 2, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, whooping-cough 1.—Men 16, Women 6, Boys 16, Girls 3.—Total 46.

TRAGICAL SCENE.

A gentleman directly from Hardwick, (Massachusetts) informs, that a most unhappy event took place, in that town, on the 22d ult. The particulars as follow.—A Mrs. Spooner, wife of Jeduthan Spooner, for some time past had labored under a mental derangement; but not to such a degree as to excite any apprehensions, either for her own, or family's safety. Appearances, however, in the present instance, were fallacious. Her mother, a Mrs. Crowell, resided with her, in the same house. About 11 o'clock, in the forenoon, while her husband was at work on his farm, Mrs. Spooner went into her mother's apartment, who was smoking her pipe, in the corner, and crept softly behind her unperceived; struck her on the head with a pole of an axe, with so much violence as to break her skull; after which she repeated the blows several times, with the edge of the axe, inasmuch that her brains were laid open, and her head otherwise most terribly bruised and wounded. Mrs. Spooner then went into the kitchen, where was one of her daughters, and exclaimed, "Alas, what have I done?" The daughter immediately asked, "What have you done? (supposing she had been doing some little petty mischief or other.)" "Why," says she, "I've killed my mother, and I believe the devil is in me." The daughter then went into the old lady's room, and found her weltering in her blood. Mr. Spooner was immediately called; who perceiving that she still breathed, sent for a surgeon; but to no purpose. Her wounds were pronounced mortal. In this situation she lingered six days and an half, and then expired. A jury of inquest was summoned, who, after a short examination, reported, "Murder, by the hands of her daughter, Mrs. Spooner."

Mrs. Crowell, was a very aged woman; our informant thinks nearly eighty, but quite active for a person of her years.

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession and being grateful for past encouragement, presume, on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.
November 15. 926 if.

J. GREENWOOD, SURGEON DENTIST.

Inform his friends and the public in general, that he has returned from Paris, with great improvements in the line of his profession, and attends to his business as usual at No. 83 Beekman-Street.

March 7.

942-4w

FILES,
OF THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,
from 1800 to 1807,

Neatly bound; for sale at this Office.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS, at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HALL wedded Love! no Liberty can prove
So sweet as Bondage with the Wife we love.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kunze, Mr. Daniel Oakley, merchant, to Miss Catharine F. Kunze, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Kunze.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. James Hanna, Druggist, of Baltimore, to Miss Sarah Deas, daughter of Captain James Deas, of New-Jersey.

At Orange, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hilliard Mr. Samuel M'Hesney, to Miss Hannah Beach, all of Newark.

MORTALITY.

We read their monuments—we sigh—and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplore!

DIED.

On Friday night, the 27th ult. after a lingering illness, William Wetmore, Jun. Esq. son of William Wetmore, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Suddenly, on Friday morning, the 27th ult. Mrs. Ann J. De Peyster, widow of Joseph De Peyster, Esq.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs. M'Laren, wife of Mr. Daniel M'Laren.

On Sunday morning last, Mrs. Phoebe Hewitt, aged 26 years, wife of Mr. John Hewitt, of this city.

Suddenly, on Sunday evening last, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. Jacob Carpenter, Shipwright, in the 54th year of his age.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Constant, wife of Joseph Constant, Esq. of this city.

At Albany, on Monday the 16th inst. Mr. Andrew Brown, merchant—formerly of this city.

On the 15th November, in Laurens district, Mrs. Ann Newby, at the advanced age of 112 years. Until a few months before her death, she was able to transact the business of her house. She has left a husband, Mr. Newby, only 37 years of age, together with a numerous train of acquaintance, to lament her loss.

DANCING.

The Academy at No. 13 Beekman-slip, is now open for the admission of pupils. Hours of attendance, in the afternoon for children, and in the evening for grown persons.

Private Lessons.—As the advertiser resides at the above place, he has it in his power, at almost any hour of the day or evening, to attend on Ladies & Gentlemen, who, not having had an opportunity, in early life, to acquire the now so fashionable accomplishment of dancing, would wish to learn, having every necessary accommodation for the purpose of private instruction, by which persons of tolerable capacity may, in a very short time, be enabled to dance with propriety at balls or assemblies.

Public practising every Wednesday evening.

A course of French has also begun at said place, to which a few more select pupils may be admitted provided application be made during the ensuing fortnight. All persons desirous of being attended at their houses, to be instructed in either French or Dancing, M. Ignace C. Fraiser, offers his services.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

929—tf.

DURABLE INK,

For writing on linen with a pen, which nothing will discharge without destroying the linen.—For sale at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

SURBORN by misfortunes, and bow'd down with pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
I hied to the home of my fathers again,
But the home of my fathers no longer was mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more.

A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eye as I enter'd his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn:
But I staid not his scorn—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.

What home shall receive me? One home yet I know;
O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine branches wave:
'Tis the tomb of my father! The world is my foe,
And all my inheritants now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my fathers! The grey moisten'd
walls,

Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay;
The gate off its hinge, and half opening calls,
Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay!

Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augured my breast!
From a wand'rer accept, oh, my fathers! this tear!
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest!

TO SLEEP.

FRIEND of the wretch, who claims no other friend,
Lull thou my children, O assuasive sleep!
In stealing stillness on their couch descend,
And bind those eyes which open but to weep:
O'er their flush'd cheeks, their fever'd bosom, breathe,
And sleep their bitter cares in sweet repose,
Then twine in happy hour thy poppy wreath
With Hope's white bud, and Fancy's thornless rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transports my boys;
And feign delights they ne'er as truths must know;
Yet hold, vain prayer! also, to dream of joys
But aggravates our sense of walking woe!
So the torn lonely slave, whose dungeon's gloom
Spread round his vision a perpetual night,
Mourns as he muses on his earlier doom,
The vanish'd years of liberty and light!

EPIGRAMS.

I know a thing that's most uncommon;
Envy, be silent and attend!
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
Not worp'd by passion, and by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.
Has she no fault then? Malice says, Sir,
Yes, she has one I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf and does not hear.

On a young lady walking in public, with her breasts
nearly uncovered.

As pedlars, to allure the passers by,
Display their goods to catch the wandering eye;
So you, mistaken maid, lay up your breast,
And think that sight will recommend the rest;
But, prithee, let it henceforth be conceal'd,
For customs like yours tempt most when least reveal'd.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS.

Wholesale and retail Jewellers & Watchmakers
137 William and 441 Pearl-streets, have received by
the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, an ex-
tensive assortment of plated ware, consisting of the
following articles.

Superb round, oval and oblong tea and coffee urns
with legs and lamp.

Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers,
in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.

Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks and brackets, newest fashion with
silver gadroons.

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguish-
ers.

Elegant three light branches.

Snuffer and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands, salts.

Wine-strainers, wax-winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged
oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg boilers for 6 eggs, with lamp and stand.

Obliging rich cut glass epergnes with engraved leaf-
age, and a variety of other articles of the best plate,
silver edged and fashionable patterns.

Also—an assortment of single plated Birmingham
tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons and cream
ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets, &c &c elegant
patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set brooches, pins ear-rings, finger-
rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and brooches,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c.

They have also received a beautiful collection of
gold ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imi-
tation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethysts and cornelian,
very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs,
gold and silver epaulets, trimmings for ladies dresses,
spangles, coral beads, buttons, &c.

Repeating, horizontal and L'Epine gold watedes—
silver, single and double case do.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth
powder.

Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to
1000.

Stollenwerck & Brothers continue to manufacture
and have constantly on hand, gold and silver work of
every description, wholesale and retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of
watches of every construction.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWBRIS, begs leave to inform his friends
and the public in general that he has opened a store
at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the
sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he
makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes,
viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarro's, and Cor-
devan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both
for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be
supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which
he will make to any particular direction or pattern.
He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode
to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed
with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as
can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—4m

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths.

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Whole-
sale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Mil-
lenary business.

November

926—4

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to
any other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chop-
ping, with an agreeable perfume,
4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream,
for taking off all kinds of roughness,
cleans and prevents the skin from
chopping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches
for travelling, that holds all the sha-
ving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12
bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyonette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per
pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, gloss-
ing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per
box.

Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

1y

ROBERT HAYWARD,

No. 22 BEEKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, Par-
lour, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description,
wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at
the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any
size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thank-
fully received and immediately attended to.

An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on
hand.

Old Blinds repaired and painted.

December 13.

930—6m

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground compleat,—warranted
tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.